

Irish Exit

Butch Walker

I'm an irish exit when the shots kick in
And I get as full of shit as I am of Gin
And it's hard to know the city with the state I'm in
I just roll roll roll

Send me up a river with a change of clothes
It's hard to keep afloat when everybody knows
More than I do 'bout the stories or the way they go
And go and they go and they go...

Mangled like a fighter with a broken crutch
One of these days it's gonna hurt too much
I guess it's hard to put down what's so easy to pick up
So can you pick me up
Can you pick me up

Don't be alarmed and don't be afraid
I'm leaving this party in the mess I've made
I ain't gonna feel a damn bit of shame
When I walk out the door
I don't trust spiders and I hate snakes
But the one thing that makes my lip fuckin shake
Is talking bout nothing for somebody else's sake
What a bore
I can't take this party no more

October '97 that's the time I shoulda known
When you walked across the parking lot with high tops,
a wife beater, and skinny jeans on
I had a mind like a bat, and baby you were the ball
It was on on on

But sooner than later there's a foot in my mouth
That tastes just like the whiskey that my body threw out
I'll say some stupid shit, something I will regret
You'll slap me across the head
That's when I probably shoulda left

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Yeah pull that car around boys..
God, it's already 4...